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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910.

The Conservative Referendum.

In this country the idea of the initiative and referendum is comparatively new, and in those Western States where it has been adopted as an instrument allowing the popular will, not only to be expressed, but to be placed in force, the tendency at present is to use it more largely, perhaps, than need requires. Part of this tendency, of course, may be attributed to the desire of the people to test the novelty of this new power which has been put back into their hands, where it rightfully belongs.

One of the first countries to make use of the initiative and referendum was the little republic of Switzerland, which still remains, for us, the best example of the practical workings of the system. There the initiative has not been allowed to become a vehicle for special legislation on every and all occasions, and the referendum is used only as a means of securing popular opinion on matters of national importance. Since the initiative and referendum was established in Switzerland in 1848, the referendum has been invoked only thirty times, though in that period of sixty-two years hundreds of bills have been passed by the Swiss assembly. Of the thirty cases referred back to the people, the new law proposed was adopted by both a majority of the cantons and a majority of the electors. In nineteen other cases the proposed law was rejected. The matters referred back were ones of vital interest to the people. Among them was the proposition of the state purchase of railways, which was at first rejected by the people, but later, referred to the people, was adopted. Among the bills referred and accepted was the principle of compulsory universal insurance against sickness, the establishment of a Federal bank, the unification of the cantonal laws into federal criminal and civil codes, the control of the alcohol monopoly by the federal authorities, and the prohibition of the sale of absinthe.

It is plainly understood in Switzerland that the initiative and referendum are not political weapons, to be lightly used. Only in the case of a general and pressing demand are these powers invoked, and then with such moderation as to make it clear that the people do not want them, in any way, to supplant or override representative government. In Switzerland there are about 600,000 voters. No law under the initiative can be proposed with less than 50,000 votes, and for a referendum there must be a popular demand represented by not less than 30,000 votes.

So it will be seen that this system of arriving at the popular will in matters of legislation is, in the country where it has been longest practiced, used carefully and, through experience, skillfully; and those Western States that have already secured it, as well as those who hope to embody it in their legislative programmes for the future, will do well to study the example of Switzerland in this regard.

Watch him! Old Father Time is coming strong on another lap of life's race soon to be finished.

Our Youngest Department.

Our youngest governmental department is not so young but that its latest report, just issued, is its eighth; a report that should be more interesting to the people than such reports usually are, because it indicates the varied work that has to be done under the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is, of course, under this department that a bureau has just completed counting the people of the United States, and is at present engaged, night and day, in sorting us all out into our various occupations, incomes, colors of hair, and what not, so that we may know all there is to be known about ourselves. It is this department that takes charge of the immigrant as soon as he lands on these shores, and, through its Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization—whose work is being largely extended year by year—it seeks to place the incoming workman where his labor will be of the greatest value to the community and to himself. No governmental department has such varied interests. It has to concern itself about the great fisheries of the country; chart the coasts, illuminate the harbors, and buoy the reefs and shallows; keep steamers from overcrowding; try to prevent strikes; aim to bring together producers and consumers; keep a wary eye on the doings of corporations, and hold in charge the standard instruments of weight and measure which regulate the selling of peanuts by the peck no less certainly than the weight of the steel that goes into a bridge.

Under the administration of the present Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the Hon. Charles Nagel, the department has, in the past year, added another industry to its list. It has embarked in the sealskin trade. Up to last year the Alaska seal hunting was leased to private parties, and the lease having expired, the government took charge of it, in accordance with an act of Congress, owing largely to the fact that the seal herd seemed to be in danger of extinction. After experts under the direction of the department had been consulted, it was deemed expedient to kill off a large number of male seals, as these were greatly in excess of the cows, and in fighting among themselves they managed to kill great numbers of the young seals. Thirteen thousand bulls were slain, to the advantage of the herd, which in future will have more ample protection, and the sealskins placed on the London market are expected to bring in no less than $450,000. As Congress appropriated only $150,000 for the work of bettering the Alaska seal herd, it can be seen that this one bureau alone of the Department of Commerce and Labor is returning a neat profit to the government. Last year, under the private lease system, the government received only $150,000 from the Alaska seal herds.

This eighth annual report of the Department of Commerce and Labor is an attractive document, and one that gives those who read it a finely intelligent idea of the many branches of endeavor in which Uncle Sam watches out, with careful avuncular eye, over the interests of his nephews and nieces.

A New Jersey woman's club wants Gov. Wilson to get a law enacted making all married men wear a ring on their thumbs. If it is passed, the gay dogs will keep their thumbs in their pockets.

The Invention of Federal Powers.

The doctrine of New Nationalism, first promulgated by Col. Roosevelt at Osawatomie, may be dead as a political shibboleth, but it is evident that it is still rather alive as a topic for argument and controversy.

Col. Roosevelt, in his famous speech, held that there was little or no difference between the powers of the Federal government and those of the States; that if there appeared to be any such difference, it was simply because we had failed to interpret the Constitution properly. If there was any need for governmental action anywhere of which advantage had not been taken by the States, then it was clearly the duty, according to Mr. Roosevelt, for the President, or, at least, some one in Washington, to take up the work.

In discussions on this subject in the Outlook, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Col. Roosevelt's chief, seems inclined to agree in all essentials with his contributing editor, and to hold that because the Constitution had not expressly stated that certain governmental powers were conferred on the Chief Executive, it must not be taken that the Constitution meant to deny the exercise of those governmental powers.

Opposed to this point of view is President H. P. Judson, of Chicago University, who, in a letter to the Outlook, admits that under certain conditions it might be desirable for the Chief Executive to do certain things that are not specifically authorized by any construction of the Constitution. But he is very careful to distinguish between what is legal and what is desirable. He sees many points on which Congress might be helpful to the government as a whole, but as they may not legally be done, it is best that they be left undone. Opposed to this view, Dr. Lyman Abbott declares that the Constitution of the United States is a living and growing instrument. Adopted for the governance of thirty millions of people, some of its provisions and clauses are not adapted to the uses of ninety million people, and, the sum of a rather long argument which he presents is that if the Constitution does not contain inherently the powers which the full-bodied country needs, it is the business and duty of the Supreme Court, in some mysterious way, to clothe the Constitution with the necessary powers.

And opposed to both these views, we have the sane expression of that "scholar in politics," Gov.-elect Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, who at the conference of governors discussed the New Nationalism, and insisted that while it was right for the Federal government to exercise the fullest power in Federal concerns, such power should never be allowed to override or dominate purely local conditions. He summed up the danger of the whole project of New Nationalism when he declared that he did not believe in the "invention of Federal powers." Said he:

"We have no foolish or pedantic jealousy of Federal power. We believe in the exercise of the Federal powers to the utmost extent wherever it is necessary that they should be brought into action for the common benefit. But we do not believe the invention of Federal powers either necessary or desirable."

In common parlance, this is saying that we—the American people—are quick to see that, extending the use of Federal powers an inch, the Federal powers themselves may soon take an ell. With a wise, farseeing, capable, and honest Chief Executive, the stretching of the Federal powers to cover some wrong, or to bring about some good, might be of great benefit to the country, but all the time we are sane enough to recognize that it is dangerous to the liberties of the people to go outside the law.

The States must be sovereign and supreme, under constitutional limitations, within their own borders; and no political fetich, or promulgation of new faith, must be allowed to imperil the liberties of all the people.

The medical journals report with wonder the case of a man who is living with half his skull gone. Still, we have seen politicians completely lose their heads and still exist.

That Mr. Robin, of New York, seems to have been a bird of a bank buster.

We hardly know whether it was a compliment or not that the Smithsonian Institution intended by giving the name of the colonel to a short-clawed shrew. We might be able to tell better if we knew exactly what a s. c. s. is.

The only objection we have to seeing more Congressmen in Washington so as to give our increased population representation is that it is likely to increase the size of the Congressional Record.

The latest things in P. A. Y. E. street cars is a slot machine that makes change. All they need now is an invention to give every one a seat.

The fact that it cost Mayor Gaynor about $30,000 to be shot at by a would-be assassin also recalls the fact that said shooter is still untried.

Medicine Hat wants its name changed. If it succeed, it won't get half as much free advertising hereafter.

And may it not be that the very fact that we are unprepared for war helps us to keep out of trouble?

The scientists say now that the average human being is worth about $6,000. We never knew before how far below the average we are.

We hope that all camera fiends have taken notice of what happened to those British officers who used their kodaks in Germany.

An Atlantic City woman kissed a policeman who restored a diamond ring she had lost. And we thought the police were not allowed to receive gratuities!

When a frenzied New York financier can't even break into a lunatic asylum it must be the wrong sort of frenzy.

A man who chucked a lion under the chin in San Francisco lost three fingers. Admiral Sims, who tried to pat one, also got into trouble.

The Nashville Banner says that a man who bets on horse races ought to be punished. He is, if he keeps it up long enough.

Poor Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland! No sooner did he get out of the way of the suffragettes than he had his pocket picked.

Those Italian kidnappers who have been sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment might see if some of their friends can't ransom them.

It seems awfully hard for some of those Mexicans to understand that President Diaz has declared that the revolution is over.

Among other New Year's resolutions let us resolve if we climb on the water wagon not to talk about it too much.

It is said that the latest fad is pajamas for the women while they do housework. Anything to make the home attractive.

Those who were made ill by having two Christmas dinners crammed into them on two successive days may take comfort in the thought that it will be nearly a decade before Christmas Day comes on Sunday again.

Ex-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, says that he stands for a just tariff, in which he differs from many legislators who are just for tariff.

Frank Gotch says that he has given up the wrestling game and is going back to the farm; but, then, this may be only a conventional New Year's resolution.

Many a woman got an automobile veil for Christmas who never even rode in a taxi.

Maybe that Nashville justice who is giving cut rates on marriage fees hopes to get even by fines over matrimonial squabbles.

If that unknown man who stole the manuscript score of two new operettas in New York will come forward, a grateful country will award him a medal.

The editor of the Tuskaloosa News says: "All kinds of pavements are good—except mud." Why, brother, you must have been in Washington recently.

"Dimples are going out of style," says a contemporary. Yes; the fashions change with the years, and what were dimples once are wrinkles now.

Aviation is very much like life itself; the higher you go the colder and more lonesome it is.

Why doesn't some statistician with plenty of time on his hands tell us something about the horrible mortality of Christmas toys.

That lone highwayman who held up an express train in Texas robbed the Pullman porter first. That chap's got intelligence.

POLITICAL CHAT.

From the Columbia State.

New York Democrats having won control of the legislature, the question now agitating New York is who shall be leader of the victors. Reform guns are all trained upon T. F. Grady, a State senator of questionable past and menacing future, who is supposed to be an almost prohibitive favorite.

From the Boston Transcript.

Arizona will vote on the adoption of its State constitution January 15, and expects to be admitted to the Union before March 4. It will begin its career as one of the sisterhood with 204,000 inhabitants, or 2,000 more than Delaware, which has been a "sovereign State" ever since there were any.

From the Dayton News.

If the President were to devote one minute to each letter addressed to him, he would have to work uninterruptedly sixteen hours a day. He could hardly glance at the remaining 4,000 pieces of mail matter addressed to him, even if he did not have to devote a minute of the day to sleep or refreshment.

From the New York World.

In spite of the extraordinary nonpartisan expression at the polls in November, the note most frequently sounded at Washington is that of partisanship. No one party was instructed at the ballot boxes. If there ever was a popular mandate extending to all parties and to all political leaders, that was one.

Slurring Mr. Carnegie.

From the Ohio State Journal.

How any man could slur Carnegie for his great gift in the interest of peace is hard to imagine. But there are such men. We noticed that a minister spoke ill of Mr. Carnegie because he never gave anything to religion. We would like to know if this great gift of ten millions in support of the cause of "peace on earth and good will to men" isn't giving it to religion? This was the glad tidings that the birth of Jesus Christ brought to mankind nineteen centuries ago, and which has ever since been the prayer of humanity. Mr. Carnegie joins in the prayer, not perhaps in the form of a ceremony, but in the form of a great gift.

What Worried the Puritan.

From Puck.

The Puritan settler was in a gloomy mood.

"'Tis indeed a hard life and a perilous one, here in the wilderness," quoth he. One can scarce get enough from the soil to keep body and soul together. Still——"

And here he brightened a trifle.

"——it is not as bad as if I had to support all those who will claim me for their ancestor by and by."

HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

Senator Lodge sat in the lobby of the New Willard the other morning in a lounging position, with his legs crossed and a cigar in his mouth puffing away unconcernedly like a man who had been loafing around hotel lobbies all his life.

Now there's nothing remarkable about that if it had been anybody but the scholarly Henry Cabot Lodge, who is such a highbrow that hanging around public places such as hotel lobbies has long been out of his line. Strong men who have been in Washington for years and years stood and looked at the figure of the Massachusetts Senator in amazement and declared that they'll be prepared now to see him smoking a corncob pipe and having his neck shaved all the way around in the back.

* * * *

To Senator Hughes, of Colorado, half the fun of being a United States Senator lies in having occasion to ride back and forth in the subway automobiles between the Senate office building and the Capitol. If he had the time, Senator Hughes would probably stay in one of the machines by the hour, and just ride and ride and ride, having more fun than a dog at a fashionable rat killing. As it is, he frequently makes two or three round trips before he gets out, and he usually takes the elevator at the farthest end of the office building, in order to get the longest ride possible. When he was a youngster he was crazy about riding on merry-go-rounds at county fairs and such places, and the subway autos offer him about the most fun of that sort that he's had since.

Senator Overman, of North Carolina, is another of the Senators most enthusiastic over subway joy riding in the machines that the government so kindly provides.

The thing that gets these Senators is what manner of man Senator Bailey can be for refusing to ride in the autos.

* * * *

When Representative James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, retires at the close of the present session, Sereno E. Payne, of New York, will no longer have to divide the honor of wearing the largest sized hat in Congress. Tawney and Payne each wear a 7¾ dome covering. When President Taft was elected it was thought that there might be a third in the 7¾ class in Washington, but the President only wears a 7⅝.

There is a Senator and a Representative or two who wear only a 6⅞ hat, but they seldom, if ever, go around bragging about it.

* * * *

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, is the man who looks indignant. Not that he is indignant. He just looks that way. One would think from the tilt of his eyes and the rest of his facial arrangement that somebody had just been along and accused him of driving an old, broken-down plug of a horse that the Humane Society ought to have shot as a martyr.

That would make him more indignant than anything else. The Senator loves horses—good horses—and he has a stable full of them. He gets half of the joy of living out of his saddle horses. Just now he's hesitating between his loyalty to the horse and his desire for speedy transportation, and trying to reconcile himself to a hankering for a big, chuff-chuffing automobile to supplant the prancing team behind which he rides to his office each morning.

Here is an example of Senator Newlands' feeling toward a horse. Out on his place in Nevada he had a horse that was too old to be of further use to any one, and he had placed it on the retired list at full pay. One morning it caught its leg in a barbed-wire fence, which inflicted serious injuries. When the veterinary came he said that it would cost at least $50 to fix the horse up again, and as it wasn't actually worth that much, perhaps the better plan would be just to shoot the animal and put it out of its misery.

"No, indeed," said Newlands. "How do I know that the horse wants to die? Put him on his feet again and send me the bill. Do you suppose I'd want anybody to shoot me when I get old just because I've ceased to be worth the amount of a doctor bill?"

* * * *

Next to amusing himself with his horses, Senator Newlands would rather sing. His wife plays the piano while he lifts up his voice in song, and they do say that he has a first-rate voice.

* * * *

Now that Roosevelt is out of official life for the moment, the champion cross-country walker around Washington is the Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador. With the exception of Ambassador Jusserand, who plays lawn tennis, Mr. Bryce is about the only prominent diplomat who goes in for much outdoor exercise. But anywhere within five or six miles from Washington one may meet up with the sturdy Britisher trudging briskly along. Usually he is accompanied on these excursions by his wife.

* * * *

Three or four House members were discussing how it all happened, like a bunch of college boys fanning over the results of a big football game. Somebody asked Judge Walter I. Smith, the Iowan, who probably would have been a Republican nominee against Uncle Joe for Speaker, what his plurality was. The situation in Washington, by the way, is not unlike that at some boys' school, with all the big talk about who got flunked and which ones "passed." Well, as we were saying when our mind began to wander and get incoherent, somebody inquired of Judge Walter I. about his plurality.

"I had 1,600 to the good," replied Smith, dryly, as he bit the end off a fresh cigar, "and everybody knows that any man who got any larger plurality than 1,600 this year did so by means of fraudulent handling of the returns."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

TOO MANY FIRES.

Buildings and vessels burn,
Each day a fire;
At well-nigh every turn
Disasters dire.
The month's account has been
A sad array.
The year is ending in
A woful way.

What says yon flaring board—
Another blaze?
These be, upon my word,
Disastrous days.
The month has cost us dear,
As you'll agree.
We hope the bright new year
Will better be.

Not So Smart.

"I thought I was smart in marrying an orphan."

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing. Only that girl exchanges Christmas presents with twenty-seven school chums."

Not Happier.

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?"

"No; since we inherited money, my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."

Interrupting the Game.

"Mother, the baby is having a fit."

"Just as I'm dealing," complained Mrs. Watts-Trumps. "Why couldn't she have waited until I was dummy?"

The Old Year.

Some dreadful accidents occurred,
But many men
Can say a kindly parting word
For 1910.

A Christmas House Party.

"The balls seem to kiss readily this evening."

"No wonder. Somebody has hung a sprig of mistletoe over the billiard table."

Making Up.

"John, this is the last day of the year, and I have made up my mind to go to the theater to-night."

"Made up your mind, eh? That's a good start. Now go to work on your back hair."

Our Loss.

"This muck-raking has made the big corporations dead sore and hurt the country."

"That's right. Hardly anybody is giving blotters this year."

Cost of War.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

England has a war debt of $24,000,000,000 which it will never pay. The interest account amounts to $1,250,000,000 annually, which the labor of Europe has to pay. Then think of the blood that has been spilled to create that burden, and the sorrow and anguish it brought to millions of households, and then listen to the cry of the war lords for more army and battle ships, for more powder and cannon. No; it is time for peace measures, not for war measures; time to consider, to insist, to combine and to remove the very possibility of a fight. It can be done, and it is a crime against mankind not to do it.

Duke as Locomobile Driver.

From M. A. P.

Although the Duke of Saragossa is very wealthy, and owns large estates in Spain, he prefers the life of an engine-driver in the service of a French railway. When dressed in the rough garb of a driver there is nothing about him to indicate that he was not born to the business, except, perhaps, his white linen collar and his smartly cut shoes. He qualified five years ago, and since then has been employed on several railways in Spain and France. The Duke of Saragossa is very popular with his comrades on the railway, and he is the only engine-driver in France who smokes gold-tipped cigarettes.

Dog Talks German.

From Tit-Bits.

A Hamburg gamekeeper has taught his dog to converse more or less freely in German. The animal has "become loquacious in Teutonic gutturals." It can say six words, of which one is "cake." Well, I can only say that our dog frequently talks what is very like German, when there is cake on the table. Our cat prefers French.

JERSEY SENATORSHIP.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Ex-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, appears to be having difficulty in getting things so arranged that his re-election will be assured. Evidently he has not succeeded in getting all the Smiths to support him.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dr. Wilson is willing to go before the court of public opinion with Senator Smith on that charge of trickery and deceit. He seems to have as much confidence in the public as the public has in him.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The law permitting voters to express their choice for United States Senators is giving our Democratic friends in New Jersey all sorts of trouble. Gov.-elect Wilson and some others believe that it carries a moral obligation which should be discharged.

From the New York Evening Post.

James Smith's reply to Woodrow Wilson shows that the ex-Senator still knows how to employ ready writers. It is cleverly put, and raises at least one issue of veracity. With that Dr. Wilson may be trusted to deal effectively on his return from the West.

From the Columbia State.

The Democratic party in New Jersey has again and again indorsed the principle and favored the practice. It cannot turn from its duty in this instance without completely discrediting itself and all its professions of faith in this popular and admirable reform.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Another executive is infringing on that sacred legislative function and interfering with those sacred legislators whose righteous demand is to be let alone.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The Senatorial problem in New Jersey is whether the Democratic members of the legislature shall govern themselves by the party declarations, and represent the Democratic voters of the State, or whether they shall pursue the particular course which has created from every part of the country a demand for the selection of United States Senators by the people.

From the Detroit News.

New Jersey continues to be the political storm center. One gets a good view from this distance. Former Senator James Smith, jr., "the sugar Senator" of a former Congress, has enlisted all the machine influence of the East in his effort to break into the Federal Senate again, in spite of the adverse primary vote and the opposition of Gov.-elect Woodrow Wilson.

From the Indianapolis News.

The Democrats of New Jersey ought to be thankful that they have so wise and courageous a leader. We cannot believe that they will refuse to follow him.

From the Utica Press.

The conclusion is unavoidable either that Mr. Wilson's head is turned by the political prominence swiftly thrust upon him or he has listened to bad political advisers. Had he kept out of this Senatorial muss he would have been free from factionalism at the first, anyhow.

From the Rochester Herald.

If the Democrats of New Jersey permit themselves to be betrayed by the legislators they will merit the contempt of their fellow-Democrats throughout the country. There is no doubt that they will suffer it if they elect James Smith, jr., to the Senate.

From the New York World.

Had Mr. Wilson been a shifty politician he could easily have dodged the Senatorial issue by insisting that the election of a United States Senator belonged to the legislature and the governor should not interfere. In that case Mr. Smith would undoubtedly have been elected. Woodrow Wilson would have been his candidate for President, and a solid Wilson delegation would have gone from New Jersey to the Democratic National Convention in 1912.

A QUERY.

The old year is dying,
Its moments are flying,
Its energy's sighing
The end is so near;
Much it's been raking,
Much hard work taking,
In history making,
Has this old year.

With thrill, it's sizzy,
With facts been dizzy,
Its motto, "Get busy!"
On it has rushed,
Giving, receiving,
No rest relieving,
Hard now, believing
It must be hushed.

Will year that's coming
Keep on this humming,
In this quick summing
Of worst and best?
Or will this hurry,
All this mad flurry,
Forget in this scurry
All peace and rest?

—Baltimore American.

SOCIAL GOSSIP OF FOREIGN CAPITALS

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and a daughter of Queeen Victoria, recently inaugurated two bazaars. At Seaford House, which was transformed into a vast emporium, where every conceivable kind of object could be bought, her royal highness purchased with the utmost liberality, for, as she remarked, the bazaar was organized by the Victoria Hospital Ladies' Association, of which her royal highness is president, with the object of raising 1,000 pounds sterling to endow a cot to the memory of King Edward.

Lord Arthur Hill and Lady White received the princess, who gave a most cordial and affectionate greeting to Lady Llangattock, who was in deepest mourning for her son, the late Mr. C. S. Rolls. In the yellow ballroom, paneled with amber brocade, were stalls stocked with beautiful wares, including quaintly made objects from the West Indies, elegant Parisian trifles, and curious bric-a-brac from the Argentine. Lady Arthur Hill had a stall for the sale of wickerwork made in Ireland.

The Duchess of Buckingham, dressed in black, with sables; Lady St. Germans, Lady Priscilla Annesley, Mrs. Ronalds, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, Lady Vavasour, Lady Mary Cooke, Lady Allen, and Lady Evelyn Giffard were a few of those assisting. The beautiful onyx staircase and loggia of Seaford House proved a great attraction, and Lord Howard de Walden, its owner, appeared about teatime and was host to several friends.

From Seaford House the Duchess of Argyll went to 26 Park lane to open a sale of handwork held under the auspices of the Home Arts and Industries Association. Here Lord Brownlow conducted the duchess around the stalls. Lady Waterford was selling golf coats, motor scarfs, and sweaters made by the Curraghmore workers, and Lady Bessborough had her two daughters, Lady Oranmore and Lady Gweneth Ponsonby, helping to sell the needlework of Garryhill.

Queen Alexandra sent a check for £25 to Mrs. Carpenter, requesting that purchases to that amount should be made of articles suitable for Christmas gifts, and among the articles selected for her majesty were pieces of Ruskin pottery, Carrickmacross lace jabots, and wool rugs made in Birmingham. The Duchess of Wellington; Lady Londonderry, who was accompanied by her mother, Lady Shrewsbury; Lady St. Davids, Mrs. Otto Beit, Lady Lovelace, and Lady Talbot all bought extensively.

Thirty years ago landmarks almost innumerable existed in London, which the reader familiar with the works of Dickens might recognize as the scene of a chapter or an incident in one of his novels. The housewrecker's pick has been busy in the interval, and now, after a generation of change and decay, there is a sadly diminished number of buildings which can be identified as the actual place which the master had in his mind when he weaved his romances around it. But there are, even in Central London, some of these landmarks still remaining.

Miss Flite, who, it will be remembered, introduced herself to the wards in Jarndyce thus: "I have the honor to attend court regularly. With my documents. I expect a judgment shortly. On the Day of Judgment"—lived close to Lincoln's Inn. In the garden of this inn—"quite a bower in the summer time"—she passed the greater part of the long vacation, being then relieved from her attendance in court. "She lived so close by that we had not time to have done humoring her for a few moments before she was at home. Slipping us out at a little side gate, the old lady stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn, and said, 'This is my lodging. Pray walk in!'"

The ground floor was a shop then, kept by Krook, dealer in marine stores. The shop, we are told, "was blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, intercepting the light within a couple of yards." Miss Flite lived at the top of the house, in a pretty, large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night, especially in the moonshine.

"Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed the scantiest necessaries in the way of furniture; a few old prints from books, of chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall, and some half dozen reticules and workbags containing documents, as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing anywhere, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth; but all dry and empty.

"She partly drew aside the curtain of the long, low garret window, and called our attention to a number of bird cages hanging there; some containing several birds. There were larks, linnets, and goldfinches—I should think at least twenty.

"'I began to keep the little creatures,' she said, 'with an object that the wards will readily comprehend. With the thought of restoring them to liberty, when my judgment should be given. Ye-es! They die in prison, though. Their lives, poor silly things, are so short in comparison with chancery proceedings, that, one by one, the whole collection has died over and over again. I doubt, do you know, whether one of these, though they are all young, will live to be free. Ve-ry mortifying, is it not?'"

Mr. Krook's other lodger in this house, Nemo, the law writer, lives on the second floor, and dies there—dies, as the inquest reveals, from an overdose of opium. "It is a small room, nearly black with soot and grease and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner, by the chimney, stands a deal table and a broken desk, a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner a ragged old portmanteau on one of two chairs serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no longer one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare, except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth.

"No curtain veils the darkness of night, but the discolored shutters are drawn altogether, and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them famine might be staring in—the Banshee and the man upon the bed."

Here, not long afterward, Krook, "an eccentric individual of intemperate habits, far advanced in life," expires of spontaneous combustion, a method of departing this life which led to much controversy when "Bleak House" was first published. Dickens replied to these criticisms in the preface to a subsequent edition, and maintained that what is called spontaneous combustion was not only possible, but had happened in several well-authenticated cases.

After that incident "Bleak House" knows the rag and bottle shop no more; Miss Flite no longer lodges there, but departs with her birds to live with Mrs. Blinder in Bell-yard. The shell of bricks and mortar in which the author laid these tragic scenes of his novel is still in existence, one of the few remaining relics of Dickens' London. FLANEUR.

Preserves to Save Elephants.

From the Ohio State Journal.

Plans have been completed for the establishment of great preserves in Africa where the elephant may be free from the attacks of the hunters. In some parts of the Dark Continent the elephant has been exterminated.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

American Woman Far Surperior.

"The American woman at twenty is far superior in every way to the women of the same age of any other country. I have visited almost every part of the world, and have made observations along this line. In my travels abroad I have met many American women, and in all instances have found them unequaled in every respect."

This statement was made by the tall, well-built, thirty-five-year-old Comte Jean du Monceau, of Brussels, Belgium, at the New Willard last night. The count most positively declared that he was not in this country in search of an heiress.

"I attribute the superiority of the American women to the fact," continued the nobleman, "that they are given more liberty, and thus are made more independent than foreign women. Foreign girls are highly educated and kept in school usually until they are twenty years old, but their education does not aid them in entertaining others. In the drawing-room their musical education is useless, and they are always of a retiring disposition."

Speaking of Belgium, the count, who is a graduate of the University of Louvain, said: "Belgium is making wonderful progress. King Leopold, before he died, urged his subjects to travel and gain all the knowledge they could. This has been done on a large scale, and when our people return from foreign lands, we adopt whatever new ideas and up-to-date methods they may have acquired. We have some of the greatest and most skillful engineers in the world. Many of them are building railroads and great bridges in China and doing work throughout the world."

Comte du Monceau yesterday paid a visit to Count de Buisseret, the Belgian Minister here.

Ask Murphy.

Charles Holland Duell, of New York, former Commissioner of Patents, was seen at the New Willard last night.

"Judge, who is going to be Senator from New York? Will it be Cohalan or Sheehan?"

"Don't ask me; I don't know. You'd better ask Murphy. Maybe he'd tell you, and then again he might not."

Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, widow of Postmaster General Smith, accompanied by the Misses Frances L. and Leta Sullivan, daughters of Vice President Sullivan, of the Midvale Steel Works, is at the New Willard.

American Cooking Needed.

"Before Porto Rico can become the winter resort for Americans, there will have to be some first-class American hotels erected in the island, with first-class American cooking," said Charles B. Landis, a former Representative from Indiana, at the Raleigh, recently.

"The climate of Porto Rico is all that one could wish, but there is one great objection to the whole thing, and that is that everything edible that finds its way on the dining table is flavored with garlic. I do not seriously object to garlic, provided it is taken in proper doses, few and far between, but I most decidedly object to it as a steady diet. I have been in Porto Rico a number of times, and whenever the word Porto Rico is mentioned now, the word garlic looms up before me like a nightmare."

Harmon and Culberson.

"I am of the opinion that a Southern man for Vice President on the Democratic ticket would strengthen it a great deal," said J. C. Rich, of Mobile, Ala., general counsel of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at the Raleigh recently.

"Harmon's victory has made him the logical candidate for the Presidential nomination, and if we could have as a running mate for Harmon a Southern Democrat, it would add considerable strength to the ticket. Senator Culberson would probably not accept the nomination for Vice President, but if he could be induced to do so it would make a winning combination for 1912—Harmon and Culberson.

"If the Democrats manage to keep out of blunders between now and 1912, there is nothing that can prevent the election of a Democratic President. Woodrow Wilson is a strong man, but Gov. Harmon has greater claim upon the Democratic party by reason of his long service and loyalty. There is no better lawyer, and he is a statesman of the highest order."

Woman Suffrage and Prohibition.

Edward Wallis Hoch, journalist, publicist, and for two terms governor of Kansas, when that State was the hotbed of prohibition agitation, when seen at the Ebbitt recently, declared that in woman suffrage he saw a probable alleviation of the "barroom rampant."

"In my judgment," he said, "manhood and womanhood should be banded together in civil government. I have never heard a good argument against woman suffrage, and I would go 100 miles to hear one.

"I believe a woman should have a vote, if only to protect her son growing up to manhood. Woman in politics is and always has been an influence for good. If women have the ballot, the saloon will have to go.

"I am an optimist. The world is growing better, and I pity the man who is not glad he was born.

"Kansas has been a temperance State for thirty-four years. Kansas was the 'thing line' of prohibition. Now the whole world has caught the Kansas spirit. But I warn you that what is good for the cause of temperance is accomplished by temperance. The man opposed to prohibition has a right to his opinion. In Kansas, one-third of the cunties have no prisoners in jail and no residents of the poorhouse. In Kansas, 55 out of 105 counties have not sent a prisoner to the State penitentiary in the last year."

Prosperous Alaska.

One of the most significant of the year's developments in Alaska, according to Edgar F. Thompson, of Seattle, who is at the Arlington, has been the increasing number of small stamp mills which have been put in operation testing out the numerous veins of free-milling quartz which have been uncovered in the course of the last year or two.

"On the coast," continued Mr. Thompson, who is interested in mining properties, "some phenomenal clean-ups have been made by the small mills which have done their first work the present season. It is with the development of the quartz properties that the greater prosperity will come to Alaska and the greater wealth will be uncovered in that country. When the railroads are constructed into the interior, so that it will be possible to get in mining machinery without an extravagant outlay, there will be quartz mills by the hundred all over the interior of Alaska. With the permanent mines will come the permanent population to develop the country in a thousand different directions."

A Massachusetts minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had to spend the night in a small mountain town where feuds and moonshine abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives, he said:

"My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear."

"Lord," replied the man; "there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky."